

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

## THEIR SUN WILL SET

**I**n all this welter of cruelty in Europe one thing is crystal clear. No sane country which believed in its future would build up for itself a memory so hideous, a hatred so bitter, as the Nazis are building up for the Germany of tomorrow.

Either these monsters are mad or they have abandoned all hope of becoming the rulers of the world. Stung by frustration and the bitter prospect of defeat, or intoxicated by the blood-stained victories of the hour, they have forsaken humanity and become as wild beasts in their fury.

They have set out on the third year of their journey to the Doom that awaits a degraded nation and we see how they are going down. If they are to sink into ruin it shall be red ruin and the breaking up of laws. If they are to be cast out of civilisation it shall be for deeds that shall stagger humanity. They will murder any man, they will trample down any nation that dares to defend itself.

### Nations and Their Greatness

A nation may be great in many ways. France was great in building up high intellectual conceptions of life. Italy was great in art long before Mussolini made her a third-rate State. America is great in transforming life by her mechanical and scientific inventions. We have been great in building up systems of government and giving the world the chance of being free. All these have been great by constructive ideas; Germany, caring nothing for all this, blind to history and deaf to humanity, has sought her greatness in the powers of destruction.

**U**NABLE to keep pace with other nations, she has sought to destroy them by force. It is the seed of hate and envy that she has planted and nurtured in the heart of a Europe that was seeking to come together in goodwill and mutual understanding. They could have been the peaceful masters of the Continent, but it was not enough for the Herrenfolk. They must be the master bullies of the world, for force is in their blood.

As humanity has no claim on these men who have brought a nation to the level of the tiger and the wolf, so the history of the world has no appeal to them. For them the ages behind us are as if they had not been, and the ages in front are as if they were not to be except by permission of the Nazi.

### How Will They Go Down?

**W**ell, for all such as these history may have nothing to teach, but time has something to pay. The eternal justice of the world is not struck dead because Schicklgruber and his hangmen stalk through Europe like Caligula and Cain. The wheel will come full circle and it will grind to powder these murderers who have their hour and use it to stain the earth with innocent blood.

How will they go down when their turn comes? We see it by their conduct now. Baffled and thwarted by the grim patience of the fallen peoples, angered by their obstinate refusal to cooperate in their own destruction, driven to desperation by the frustration of their plans, the looting Nazis starve and beat and rob and shoot the victims who only wait their hour.

**F**OR years they have been dragging old men from their beds and shooting them, flinging brave men into torture-cells, executing women in the marketplace, and turning even little children into

traitors. It is evil things we fight against, Mr Chamberlain told us, yet he was not to live to see how very evil they are. He was not to know that as the shadows of hate encompassed them about these men would leave Europe a wilderness with snakes and quislings lurking in its ashes and with the countrymen of Goethe sinking in the mire of human infamy. In all the story of nations is nothing so mean, so cowardly, as Germany in her hour of triumph; and in defeat she reaches depths of iniquity beyond all dreams.

### The Red Mark in the Track

At the height of her power she has been a plotter in the dark, a robber of the dead, the assassin of the helpless and the weak; in defeat, with her victims refusing to accept her conquest, with the shadow of disaster creeping over her, she seeks fellowship with the murderer and the skunk. Germany, when she passes from the company of nations, will leave a red mark in the track.

She will not accept her defeat in the courageous spirit of the Boers, who, as brave in war as the Ancient Greeks or Romans, were as chivalrous as King Arthur's Knights when greater numbers finally overwhelmed them. They won the admiration of the world and of their conquerors, and by their dignity in defeat they won an equal place with all of us wherever our flag flies.

**A**ND long before then it was so at Bunker's Hill when the Americans were defeated. They understood defeat but not despair. They called a great convention and talked of independence, and it was then, in that dark hour, that the Declaration of Independence was born. We need not recall Dunkirk, or Norway, or Greece, or Crete; let us rather remember France in those great days when even a Pétain would refuse to admit that he was conquered.

Great armies and great peoples, valiant in victory, are patient in defeat. It is not the spirit

### We Build the Ladder by Which We Rise

**I** COUNT this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dream departs, and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

of man which turns to murder and foul deeds for consolation. It is a thin coat of civilisation that shrinks and shrivels up in storms; it is the wolf in sheep's clothing that breaks out maddened in adversity and destroys the innocent flock. We may like better that spirit of Charles of Anjou, who in the fullness of grief, in the hour of defeat, cried out, "O, God, if Thou hast decided to humble me, grant me at least a gentle descent from the pinnacle of greatness."

**N**OT like that will these ugly Barbarians go down.

For Germany there is no dignity in victory or defeat. We remember how she blew her trumpets at Versailles and started her proud empire 70 years ago with a moral lecture to France in her hour of bitterness, with the text that appeared on the walls at the feast of Belshazzar, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting." It was the spirit of Prussia revealing itself in its dazzling hour of victory.

### The Spirit of the Bully

She had thrown out Austria from her counsels, she had seized the Danish provinces that were to give her a highway to the sea, she had stricken France, and was now ready for the last obstacle that lay in her path, one small Island. It was in the spirit of the bully that she founded her mushroom empire of force, and it has taken Europe two generations to grasp its significance.

Now all the world has seen it. Now every clean race on earth is sickened by the sight of these men who have trampled down decency and made a god of vice. But those who look deep into events know well that these men are wallowing in the shadows of defeat and doom, and that their foul murders are the shriek of despair. Well we know that they will go, and it will be as if the winds of heaven had blown away some foul disease to make the world a sweeter place once again. **Arthur Mee**



*The Navy Looks Out*



# Hitler Can be Stopped and Will be Stopped

BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

It is curious to wonder what event the historian will fix as the beginning of America's entry into the Hitler War, but many people in and out of America would say now that the President's speech at the Navy Day banquet on October 27 brought the United States to the point from which there was no retreat until Hitler and all his gangsters have perished from the earth.

We give below some of the most vital passages from this historic utterance.

All of us Americans of all opinions are faced with the choice between the kind of world we want to live in and the kind of world which Hitler and his hordes would impose upon us. None of us wants to burrow underground, to live in total darkness like a comfortable mole.

The forward march of Hitlerism can be stopped—and will be stopped. Very simply, very bluntly—we are pledged to pull our own oar in the destruction of Hitlerism. And when we have helped to end the curse of Hitlerism we shall help to establish a new peace which will give to decent people everywhere a better chance to live and prosper in security, in freedom, and in faith.

Each day that passes we are producing and providing more and more arms for the men fighting on the actual battle fronts. That is our primary task. And it is the nation's will that these vital arms and supplies of all kinds shall neither be locked up in American harbours nor sent to the bottom of the sea.

## Ready For Action

It is the nation's will that America shall deliver the goods. In open defiance of that will our ships have been sunk, our sailors have been killed. I say we do not propose to take this lying down. Our determination not to take it lying down has been expressed in orders to the American Navy to shoot on sight. Those orders stand.

The lines of our essential defence now cover all the seas; and to meet the extraordinary demands of today and tomorrow our Navy grows to an unprecedented size. Our Navy is ready for action. Indeed, units of it in the Atlantic patrol are in action. Its officers and men need no praise from me.

Our new Army is steadily developing the strength needed to withstand the aggressors. Our soldiers of today are worthy of the proudest traditions of the United States Army. But traditions cannot shoot down dive-bombers or destroy tanks. That is why we must and shall provide for every one of our soldiers equipment and weapons—not merely as good but better than those of any other army on earth.

## Help For Russia

And we are doing that right now. For this is what we mean by total national defence. The first objective of that defence is to stop Hitler. He can be stopped and can be compelled to dig in. And that will be the beginning of his downfall, because dictatorship of the Hitler type can live only through continuing victories, increasing conquests.

The facts of 1918 are proof that the mighty German Army and

the tired German people can crumble rapidly and go to pieces when they are faced with successful resistance.

Nobody who admires the qualities of courage and endurance can fail to be stirred by the full-fledged resistance of the Russian people.

The Russians are fighting for their own soil, their own homes. Russia needs all kinds of help—planes, tanks, guns, medical supplies, and other aids—toward successful defence against the invaders. From the United States and from Britain she is getting great quantities of those essential supplies.

## America Will Not Fail

Upon our American production falls the colossal task of equipping our own armed forces and helping to supply the British, Russians, and Chinese. In the performance of that task we dare not fail, and we will not fail.

It has not been easy for us Americans to adjust ourselves to the shocking realities of a world in which the principles of common humanity, common decency, are being mowed down by the firing squads of the Gestapo. We have enjoyed many of God's blessings. We have lived in a broad, abundant land, and by our industry and productivity we have made it flourish. There are those who say our great good fortune betrayed us—that we now are no match for the regimented masses who have been trained in the Spartan ways of ruthless brutality. They say we have grown fat and flabby and lazy—and that we are doomed.

## The Greatest Challenge

But those who say that know nothing of America or of American life. They do not know that this land is great because it is a land of endless challenge. Our country was first populated, and it has been steadily developed, by men and women in whom there burned the spirit of adventure, restlessness, and individual independence which will not tolerate oppression. Ours has been the story of vigorous challenges which have been accepted and overcome—the challenges of uncharted seas, of wild forests and desert plains, of raging floods and withering drought, of foreign tyrants and domestic strife, of staggering problems—social, economic, physical; and we have come out of them the most powerful nation—and the freest—in all history.

Today, in the face of this newest and greatest challenge, we Americans have cleared our decks and taken our battle stations. We stand ready in the defence of our nation and the faith of our fathers to do what God has given us the power to see as our full duty.

## THE MARK OF THE BEAST

It is a year since the number of Poles murdered by the Nazis (apart from the countless numbers killed in war) was reckoned at 70,000. More than 20,000 of them were women and young people, and all were shot or hanged.

The number has now grown to 82,000, and the Nazis are continuing their crimes with the sole object of destroying all that is best in the life of the Polish nation, Germany's most hated neighbour.

## IN or OF

The centenary of the establishment of a Bishopric in Jerusalem was celebrated in St Paul's the other day when representatives of the Greek Orthodox and other Eastern Churches were present, as well as pastors from many Protestant churches in Europe, including a refugee German.

The presence of the German was interesting, for Germany originally shared with this country the appointment of the Bishop. The scheme did not work, however, owing to rivalries with other churches established in the Holy City, and the Germans dropped out. The difficulties were solved by changing the title from the Bishop of Jerusalem to the Bishop in Jerusalem, and a lasting fellowship among the Christian Churches in the Holy Land has been the result.

How much lay in the changing of that little word of!

## Hitler in Oblivion

Lord D'Abernon, whose popular figure has passed out of our public life, will be remembered for many distinguished services to his country. One post he held was that of British Ambassador in Berlin, and it was he who sent home an account of the doings of a fellow named Hitler. His dispatch told the story of the beer-cellar in which Hitler fired a pistol to command attention and went on to describe his arrest and his imprisonment in a dungeon, ending with the remarkable assurance that we have quoted already in the C.N.—that Hitler had now passed into oblivion.

## WHAT MATTERS

Tension in this part of the world is grave. We will be able effectively to deal with any enemy. The enemy may measure his armies by millions, but ours are measured by spirit and determination.

*It is not so much the size of the dog in the fight as the size of the fight in the dog.*

Australian Commander in Malaya, welcoming reinforcements

## End of an Army

The elimination of a vast army will soon have to be added to the casualties of the war.

After Christmas the little leaden soldiers will be fighting a losing battle on the nursery floor, for their reserves will be cut off. In the interests of a grimmer war the Board of Trade has ordered that the sale of these and similar metal toys must stop with the New Year.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

LITTLE BERKHAMSTED'S village blacksmith has raised £24 for the Red Cross by making miniature horseshoes.

A piece of Nelson's ensign, slashed off by the sword of one of his officers at Trafalgar, is to be presented by Newcastle's Laing Art Gallery to Mr Churchill.

Every gun site in London has its own kitchen garden.

A PIKE 44 inches long and weighing 24 lbs has been caught in the lake at Leeds Castle, Kent.

A ton and a half of old magazines and newspapers have been sent by a housewife to Central London collectors.

The Ministry of Food has arranged for nearly a million tons of frozen beef, lamb, mutton, and pork to be purchased in Australia, New Zealand, and South America.



It may be, said General de Gaulle, that a hundred thousand tanks will be needed to win once for all the victory of liberty.

Nearly 300 railwaymen have lost their lives and 1500 have been injured by enemy action while on duty; and a hundred decorations for gallantry have been awarded to railway employees.

When the motor liner Rangitane was shelled by a raider a stewardess, Mrs Plumb, worked tirelessly for her passengers, who were being transferred to lifeboats, although she was badly hurt by shell splinters.

ONE of our East African lieutenants, having swum across a river, landed naked and unarmed to find himself faced by eight Italians, two of whom he captured and then put the rest to flight.

## Scout and Guide News Reel

SCOUTS are being asked to collect conkers for an essential war purpose.

One hundred tons of waste paper in 100 weeks is the record collection of Launceston Scouts.

£1300, the sum required to furnish completely a minesweeper with motor-boat, anchors, cables, and other equipment, has been loaned to the Government by Glasgow Scouts.

SCOUT YARGATTIMATH, of Belgaumi, India, organised the scared onlookers to tackle a blazing stack which threatened the whole village, and after an

## THINGS SEEN

Schoolchildren watching the ceremony of investiture held by the King in a country lane during Army manoeuvres.

A Labrador retriever carefully driving home a tame rabbit which had escaped from its run.

A ripe red plum on a tree white with snow in Kent.

A pumpkin at Quethiok in Cornwall five feet round and weighing 70 lbs.

Notice all over the Niagara fruit-growing district:

Grapes for Sale, by the basket or by the ton.

Every soldier in the American army is to be vaccinated against tetanus.

One third of the British prisoners of war in Germany are to be fed by the British community in Argentina, heartening news for the 20,000 men, who will receive 400 tons of food a month.

A GRAVESEND man, being told it would take "at least three months" to repair his watch, gave it to a friend who is ferrying planes across the Atlantic, and it was repaired in America and returned to Gravesend within three weeks.

Hospitals everywhere are rallying to the salvage call. In the Manchester area Withington Hospital has sent six tons of records—some 80 years old. Rochdale and Ashton-under-Lyne Infirmary have sent ten years' accumulation of old papers. Gatley, Cheshire, Convalescent Hospital sent by bus to Manchester many tons of salvage.

A SAWMILL engine-driver from Victoria has enlisted to join his seven sons serving with the Australian Imperial Force.

Maidstone firemen are to collect and renovate old toys for the children of war-prisoners at Christmas.

In six Greek towns the Germans have left not one house standing.

SEVERAL fire-fighting trains are stationed at key points on the railways ready to go wherever needed; one train has six locomotive tenders holding 15,000 gallons of water and several powerful petrol motor pumps capable of delivering water to great heights.

The Admiralty has announced that 1276 officers and men rescued from sunken Axis submarines are now held by us as prisoners of war.

Suffolk women volunteers working for the county war fund will soon be sending out their 200,000th "comfort for the troops."

hour and a half the fire was extinguished.

Besides adopting the submarine Sea Wolf and sending comforts to her crew, Aylesbury Guides, Sea Guides, and Sea Rangers have built a 16-foot canoe which they have named Sea Wolf.

DEVON Scouts of the Colyford Troop have built their own log cabin on the moors near their headquarters.

Sea Ranger Pamela McGeorge of the W R N S has been decorated at Buckingham Palace with the British Empire Medal for delivering despatches after being blown from her motor cycle in a raid at Devonport.

## Made in Germany

A strange little sidelight on the war has come from Turkey.

For some years the Turks have been using Heinkel planes, and these machines are now in need of spare parts. The Germans, whose aircraft industries are strained to meet their own requirements, told the Turks they could not supply the spares.

When the British authorities learned of this situation they said "Tell us what you need," and immediately began to supply the required spare parts, salvaged from the numerous Heinkels scattered about our countryside in the Battle of Britain.



## The Robbers of Turec

*This incredible story is told by Slovaks in the Tatras mountains.*

THE Germans came to the Slovak town of Turec and wanted to buy the wood owned by the community. The town council were afraid to refuse the request, and demanded a very high price, which the Germans were not willing to pay.

This happened soon after the penetration of the Germans, who had been warned not to offend the Slovaks in order to preserve the fairy dream of their national independence, and so the German buyers at Turec did not dare to go against the town council. But they found a way to achieve their purpose. Instead

of trying to buy the whole wood, they asked for a single tree. This request was complied with.

A few weeks passed, and then the Germans came back and readily paid the exorbitant price the town council had demanded, buying a mill and several other enterprises as well.

The people of Turec were astounded at such wealth. They could not help asking the Germans where all the money came from. The Nazis confessed that they had sent the tree bought by them to Germany, where it was reduced to pulp, from which paper was made, and on this paper was printed enough money with which to buy the whole town!

## AUTUMN GALES

The heavy gales of October have taken from and given to our woodlands. They stripped off many a noble bough, and even brought down whole trees; but at the same time they scattered millions of seeds from which posterity's trees may spring.

Fruit-eating birds distribute the product of trees with stone-bearing fruits; squirrels and food-hiding birds bury the acorns, nuts, and mast of future oaks, chestnuts, and beech trees, none of which will grow in the shade of their own species; but for the carrying afar of their wonderful winged seeds the ash, the sycamore, and the elm depend entirely on storm and tempest.

## If the Sun Blew Up

IN the Milky Way, which now begins to show itself to our gaze on clear, frosty nights, are more than 40,000 million stars, or possibly twice that number. They are suns, like our own, many larger, many smaller, and according to Professor George Gamon, who speaks from George Washington University and should therefore tell the truth, 20 of them blow up every year.

In their explosion they appear as what we call New Stars, because of their sudden increase of brightness. If they are big stars like Sirius, they blaze like the Star of Bethlehem, which was probably one of these extra bright new stars. If our sun

were to blow up it would appear among its many millions of sister stars only as an ordinary new star, though its size would make no difference to us, for our earth, with the Hitler gang and everything upon it, would be instantaneously reduced to hot gas.

But the chances of this experience are so slight that the earth's inhabitants need not trouble about it for millions of years to come.

## THE HAPPY COUPLE

The people of Pokratitz, a small Sudeten town, found a clever way of telling their new masters what they thought of them the other day.

It happened that an old married couple called Benes, the same name as the Czecho-Slovakian President, Dr Benes, were due to celebrate their golden wedding. Though they were humble folk and quite unknown to most of their fellow citizens, the town organised a great procession for them through the streets, which were filled with cheering crowds shouting "Long Live Benes!"

For once the S S men stood looking on, disconcerted yet powerless.

## ONE ATHLETE TO ANOTHER

The international spirit which the Olympic Games awakened in Ancient Greece, and which was revived in the more recent athletic meetings under the Balkan League, still survives.

Turkish athletes have banded themselves together to send food to their old rivals now starving in Greece. Their contribution is carried on the Turkish steamer Kurtulush which has been chartered to make ten voyages from Istanbul to Greece. In addition to food for the Greeks the vessel is carrying stores from the British and New Zealand Red Cross for British prisoners.

## STARS IN THEIR COURSES

Comets, like the stars, pursue their courses undisturbed by the fearfulness on the planet on which they look down; and so to a lesser extent do the astronomers. The latest example is the Du Toit comet, first sighted at the Bloemfontein Observatory, South Africa, then picked up at the Yerkes Observatory, and since by Dr M. Delparte, the Belgian astronomer. The comet is still being followed by the telescopes and its progress and orbit are continually reported to the astronomer's Clearing House at Copenhagen, which is still carrying on despite everything, and transmits astronomical news to the world's observatories.

## THE WASTE LAND BLOSSOMS

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Britain's harvests this year is the yields from what were once wastes. The harvest of the restored acres includes potatoes on Feltwell Fen, Norfolk, where there is a fine crop on land which as late as last November was a wild waste. In the Wirral 750 derelict acres have yielded good crops of corn, and elsewhere in Cheshire 400 acres of waste land have yielded excellent crops.

In one district of Lancashire alone over 800 acres of what for years was regarded as "Bad Lands" have given us a fine crop of oats.

## MECCA THIS YEAR

A year ago, only about 200 Egyptians made the pilgrimage to Mecca. This year 60,000 applications have already been received. Saudi Arabia is making preparations to receive a record number of pilgrims from the whole Near East, and from as far away as Java and Borneo. This is all owing to the firm action of the British Empire and Russia. Moslem countries are now linked in a continuous democratic front from Egypt to India, and minds are more at ease.

## THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE

At the beautiful little service in Westminster Abbey at which Canadian troops and Canadian members of Parliament gathered before the grave of the Unknown Warrior, four Americans, who had crossed into Canada from their homes to enlist, were among the men in Canadian uniform.

There was, indeed, something of home there for all of them. In the grave is soil brought from Canada, and the proudest international emblem adorning the sepulchre is America's richest offering, the Congressional Medal of Honour, bestowed on it by the President and Congress 20 years ago, at the time when the V C, our noblest military distinction, was laid on the grave of America's Unknown Warrior.

## BOY JEKYLL AND HYDE

A Liverpool boy who got himself into sad trouble for misbehaviour was described in two ways.

First, he was said to be "a bad character, untruthful, deceitful, and beyond the control of his mother."

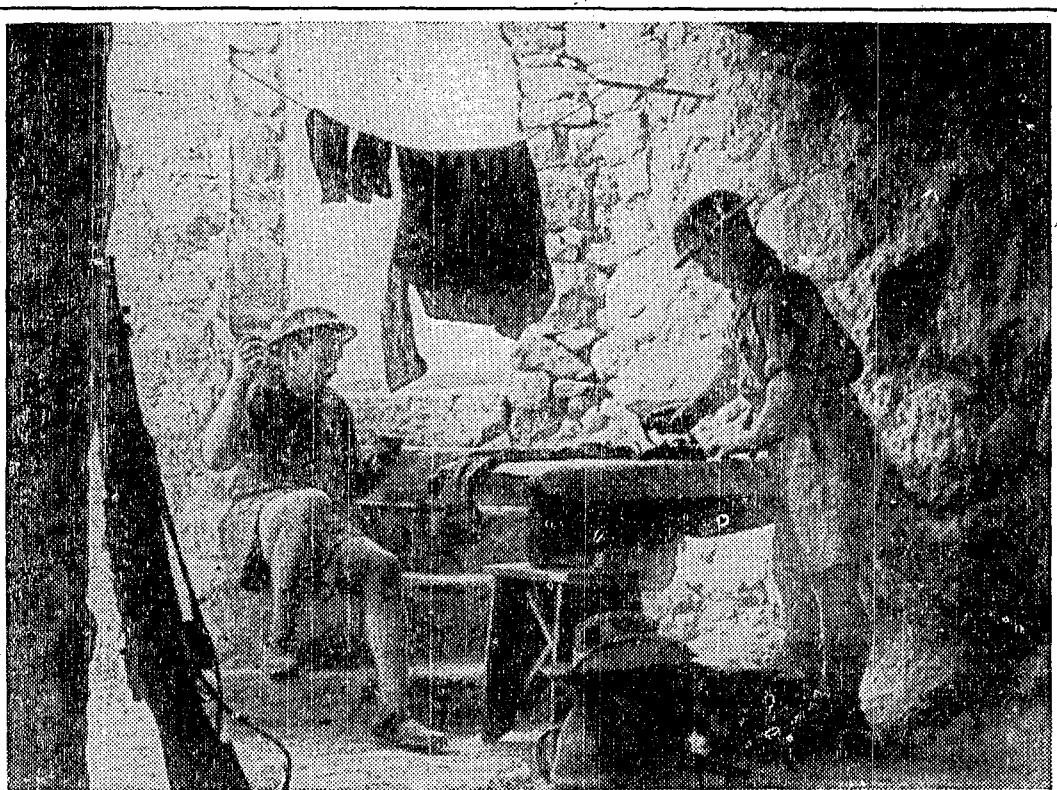
Second, he was said to have been "commended for bravery in air raids and recommended for a Royal Humane Society's Medal for stopping a runaway horse."

We may be sure that he is not the only boy in whom diverse characters have been observed. Are we not all mixtures? Happy the lad who, before it is too late, follows the good in him!

## THE STOWAWAY

When a troopship arrived in Singapore not long ago, a big wooden box marked Red Cross was carried ashore. There it was opened and out jumped a stowaway—a kangaroo, the carefully-hidden pet of one of the units.

The Malaysians could not believe their eyes. They crowded round the bewildered animal like children, and loved to see it jump. In fact they made it run so much that in a few days the kangaroo died of exhaustion!



**Washing Day in Tobruk**  
British troops ironing and mending in the besieged town

## RADIO'S GROWING POWERS

Some day we shall be able to carry our radio sets in our coat pockets. Already the fire-fighters of the U.S. Forestry Service can carry a small set weighing only six pounds, and no bigger than a loaf of bread, in a despatch case. The parachute-jumping fire-fighters who are dropped from planes to points where they can do most good carry larger ones, weighing 21 pounds, with which they can talk to the plane that drops them, and can communicate on short wave to headquarters 20 miles away. We have become familiar with these wonders on the battlefield. It is a promise of better things to come that they can be used in times of peace, to do no hurt but to prevent it.

## IVORY FOR VICTORY

Australians are getting used to seeing people carrying two feet of elephant's tusk under one arm, for they know the ivory is on its way to the Army.

The Government has appealed to everyone to give their tusks—elephant, rhinoceros, or walrus—for use in range-finders, and the response has been unprecedented.

A Sydney sailmaker, Alderman Harry West, was one of the first people to bring along his tusk, a family heirloom carved by natives of Portuguese East Africa.

## Ada Williams Rides to Work

Miss Ada Williams lives in Wales. She works in an Ordnance factory, and for a long time has been rising at three every morning and walking five miles to work—with five miles home again.

The other day Viscount Bennett, formerly Prime Minister of Canada, visited the factory and met Miss Williams, and so impressed was he by her splendid record that he made her a present of a bicycle. "Yours is a shining example to us all," he said.

## THE MUTTERER

We hear of a man who was arrested in Norway the other day because of his suspicious behaviour. It appeared that he muttered to himself all the time, and the Gestapo wanted to know whether he was expressing anti-German views.

Not at all, he replied. He had no work at the moment, and was only assuring himself how he would far rather work for ten thousand Germans than for one Englishman.

His questioners, much appeased, said they might help him to find a job, and asked him what his profession was.

"Oh," was the answer, "I'm a grave-digger."

## PAPER THROWN AWAY

DEAR EDITOR, I am a shareholder in an unfortunate company which, because of the war, has again to record a ruinous loss. In making its report of this loss to its shareholders, of whom there are thousands, it prints a huge and expensive document, chiefly consisting of blanks. Thus the profit and loss account is spread in a few lines of big type across two big pages! The report could have been and should have been printed at a tenth of the cost incurred. The paper used is expensive.

It is the rule rather than the exception for company reports, millions of which are printed, to be got up in this costly fashion, even while the nation sadly needs paper for war purposes and for books.

## TEA ON GAZA BEACH

Thirsty Australian soldiers can now have a cup of tea and sandwiches after swimming on Palestine beaches, thanks to the Australian Comforts Fund, which has provided four huts for this purpose.

At one of the favourite places, Gaza Beach, 35,000 cups of tea were served in one month, which was quite an achievement as all the water had to be brought over very many miles of sandy beach in goatskin water-bags on donkeys' backs.



November 15, 1941

The Childre

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### HIGH PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

ONE of the finest libraries in the world is John Rylands of Manchester, and it was made what it is by Henry Guppy, one of the most beloved figures in the whole realm of books.

What Dr Guppy does not know about old books is not worth knowing, and all that is to be

edited by another hand for the occasion. We take from it this old picture of Aesop, which comes from one of the medieval books secured by Dr Guppy for the John Rylands collection.

It is good to know that this great library has escaped from the ravages of the Nazi assassins of mind and soul and body. It was Dr Guppy who secured the rebuilding and restocking of the great library of Louvain after its destruction by Germany in the Great War; now the Germans have blown it to pieces again, and it is too much to hope that even Dr Guppy, volcano of energy as he is, can do it again. But at least it must be a joy to him that his own beautiful library, a gem in the intellectual crown of England, is so far safe from the destroying horde of Hitler's savages.

It is his everlasting monument, and if his own character had not made him renowned throughout the world, the things he has gathered together, the treasures without price that he has brought to the door of every poor student in England, would keep his memory green.

All hail, Dr Guppy, high priest of our most beautiful Temple of Books. For you may the pleasures and the treasures of scholarship keep company with the long years of the Great Peace.



A Medieval Aesop Portrait

known about old Bibles he knows. It is delightful to see that his library has been celebrating his 40 years of devotion to it, and that its famous Bulletin has been

### Late Note From the Manoeuvres

IT is not too late to tell this story of a lady who arrived in her car at a bridge which she was accustomed to cross every day.

It was during the recent manoeuvres, and a sentry stopped her and explained that the bridge had been blown up. She could not see anything the matter with it, and turned to another soldier who had strolled up.

He said, "Sorry, Madam, I cannot tell you anything about it; I have been dead for three days."

### CN BOYS

WE hear that the old CN boy who was last seen by one of our friends on Dunkirk Beach is now a prisoner in Germany.

We feel that we may also record that another old CN boy, now Police-Constable Pope, has received his George Medal from the King for a gallant act of courage which saved seven lives in a bombed building.

### JUST AN IDEA

*As the nation gets old, with fewer young people in it, will the young be burdened beyond endurance to maintain the old?*

## Under the Editor's Table

THE new threepenny stamps are lighter. But the post will be just as heavy.

WHERE children are concerned, says a teacher, food is put before clothes. But the children are in the clothes.

THE Food Controller promises more fish soon. Everybody thinks there must be a catch in it.

IF Lord Beaverbrook left the Ministry of Supply he would be willing to stay in the Cabinet. But nobody wants to shut him up.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If news reels have cottoned on

A SCHOOL has been opened in a forest. Children can seek education in its higher branches.

A BOX of matches was sold for charity for £1 13s 4d. Striking.

SOLDIERS on leave may now get onions. But they are still giving Hitler beans.

IT is to be hoped that the milk of human kindness will never be rationed.

A DOCTOR says that carpet dust cures a cold. In two shakes.

## The Wise Man to His Emperor

WITH so many star quacks talking nonsense in these days, perhaps it is worth while to look back into the records of Old China and to read again this protest against quackery which nearly cost a wise man his head. It was made nearly eleven centuries ago by Han Yu against the folly of the Emperor I-tsung.

Your servant has now heard that instructions have been issued to the priestly community to proceed to Feng-hsiang and receive a bone of Buddha, and that from a high tower your Majesty will view its introduction into the Imperial Palace; also that orders have been sent to the various temples commanding that the relic be received with proper ceremonies.

Now, foolish though your servant may be, he is well aware that your Majesty does not do this in the vain hope of deriving advantage therefrom, but that there is a desire to fall in with the wishes of the people in the celebration of this delusive mummary. For how could the wisdom of your Majesty stoop to participate in such beliefs?

Thus would our traditions and customs be seriously injured, and ourselves become a laughing-stock on the face of the earth.

The emperor was very angry, it was said, but instead of cutting off his head he banished the wise man from the land.

## Winter Comes, With Spring Not Far Behind

THE noonday of the year is long past. The splendour of autumn is fading as the last leaves fall from the trees. The gardens are windswept and sodden, and the stern days of winter come upon us. Before us are the hard months, all the harder because of the war with its blackout, its food-rationing, its alarms and anxieties.

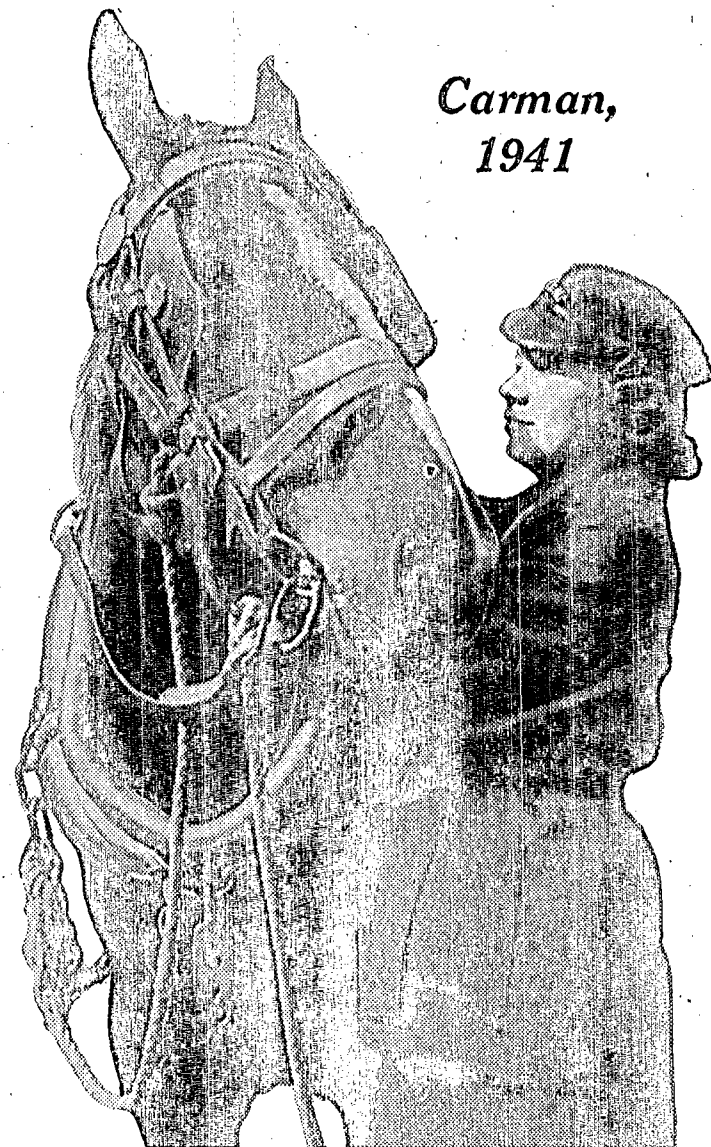
All the more need for us to carry summer in our heart. A gallant spirit, a deep faith, a readiness to make the best of things, will help us to stride through the fog and cold of wartime winter; and it may be that we shall find ourselves thanking God for the loveliness of spring almost before we realise that winter has begun.

## A Word From France

A WORD has reached us from France after going across the Atlantic and back again, and it is to say that an old friend of ours who has been a prisoner of war in Germany is back with his wife and children. The letter adds that he is very thin and his hair has turned white, but they are so happy to be together that the rest doesn't matter.

It is a wonder how the letter got over the border, for in it are these bold words from the French lady whose husband is restored to her: "Be sure to tell them everywhere that we are 100 per cent with the Democracies. I would not be surprised if there were a Revolution bursting out soon in France."

## Carman, 1941



A railway horse makes a new friend—a girl who has come to work in a great goods depot to replace a man now in the Forces

## WISE HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS

THROUGHOUT the kingdom, in big city, small town, and village alike, many boys who would normally be at school, and quite a few girls, are engaged in production for national defence.

How are they getting on, these children in the ranks of our armament workers? How do they find the experience of breakfasting hastily at half-past six to catch train or bus and be at work at half-past seven, with a ten or eleven hour day before them?

Speaking to some of them, a friend of the CN, who is himself engaged in factory welfare work, found a very sober, settled, sensible mind, with a noticeable background of quiet pride.

It was a remarkable mentality to discover in young folk at what is usually the most irresponsible age; but these youngsters realise that for the time being they have left their schooldays behind, and that grave times call for old heads on young shoulders.

### It All Depends on Me

Their pride comes from the consciousness that their work is in the direct line with the nation's war needs, and that the slogan "It All Depends on Me" is no mere phrase. So much depends on them.

From time to time we hear tales of boys of 14 or 16 earning wages of £5 and £6 a week, wasting their time, leaving their jobs on the slightest pretext, and refusing to take new work which is not paid at the same

outrageous rates. Cases of this kind have indeed been reported, but they are few and far between.

True, the boys and girls on war work are earning more than they would have earned in peacetime; but so are all other boys and girls. Office boys can get 25s or 30s a week in these days without any trouble; so can young girls. It is the same in many other fields of employment, for there are more jobs going in many fields than there are people to fill them, young or old.

### High Wages & Long Hours

The young folk working in the tank and plane shops, and in other branches of the armaments industry, are by no means overpaid. If they do earn a little extra it is because they have to work harder. A smart 14-year-old lad, for example, in the wages office of a famous south county works gets 19s 6d for a 39-hour week, but he is expected to put in another 12 hours a week at least, and with his bonus he doubtless averages 35s.

Quite good money for 14—and pretty long hours at 14; more than he would be permitted to work in ordinary times—much more. Yet a very different story from £5 a week for loafing.

This lad is no loafer. He would not be allowed to loaf if he wanted. He has quite a journey home at the close of his long day, from eight in the morning until seven at night, but it is "all in the day's work" with this cheerful young soul.



# At School With the Little Red Indian

It happened that a lady of Hong Kong returning from leave in England, was stranded at Vancouver and took a post at a Red Indian School in Alberta. She sends us these notes on her Red Indian scholars, for whom, she tells us, "she will stick up with her last breath."

I ARRIVED in August. There are no servants. The children and staff do every bit of the domestic and farm work. Boys and girls are together in class. When both sexes are in the room neither will read louder than a bare whisper. Very few of them would answer a question audibly. They have the most musical voices I have ever heard.

## Clever Artists

Some of the older children worked better than any I have taught. Many were artists. I could not give one boy anything hard enough to draw or paint. They went by no rules and never seemed to measure or need teaching. They were best at horses and caricatures. They could copy anything, but did excellent original work.

The Red Indian has been above money-making, is not acquisitive, and is therefore unselfish. On the whole, the boys are much better than the girls at art, though the girls are very good, and also make marvellous cookies, which the boys, of course, can only eat.

Contrary to expectation, they are not a warlike people. They are the wards of the Government. They can have land and seeded grain for the asking, also rations.

They are a very good-looking race, and have beautiful eyes. The parents seem like big children too. Many of them would be the joy of the portrait-painter.

## The Looting Gang

THOUGH Hitler's New Order is as old as Nero, one new thing at least the Nazis have invented—the Looting Gang behind their front line.

The men of the Looting Gang collect everything as they follow in the track of the destroying armies. No army has ever used up such vast quantities of material as Hitler's gangsters are using now, and no single thing that can be of use to them is left. They lay their hands on money, food, furniture, papers, clothes, boots, and everything else of any value.

## Nothing Like Stopping in Bed

IN Great Britain are some 40 million drug experts, each with his own or somebody else's infallible remedy for the common cold, which nobody escapes. But as the result of centuries of experience there is nothing like stopping in bed and waiting for the cold to go. As Dr Theodore Clump writes: "Nature cures the disease, while the remedy amuses the patient. If it had not been so man would have coughed himself off the face of the earth."

They are a proud and dignified people. Some of the older men still wear long hair in two braids.

We thanked God in these days for our safety, warmth, sleep at night, ample and excellent food. In spite of handicaps, these children are having a better chance than many European children today. They have little self-discipline, as yet, and the supervisors in particular have an exhausting time. I found them wholly fascinating and lovable and merry-hearted. They hold together and have a certain amount of understandable antagonism to what they call the white man.

They have a keen sense of humour and are very quick to respond to friendly advances. They love leg-pulling. Their mental age is so much younger than you expect. Great six-foot giants 13 years old look you straight in the eyes and say "I don't want to do it," and expect the incident to be closed. Some in Grade 7 had only kindergarten power of concentration. I was constantly wronging them by expecting too much.

## Playing With Babies

I loved watching them play. Both boys and girls skip beautifully. I never saw a child bored or tired of play. They could lasso each other expertly. The boys are particularly light on their feet; a whole train of them can march in heavy boots without making a sound. And how they love hiding! You see the hunter even in the tiny child. I do not think we can teach a Red Indian anything about horses, nor can you teach the girls anything about babies. Instead of playing with dolls, little girls play with real babies.

## A KING'S WORD

YOU have traversed a long and weary road; defeat has more than once stared you in the face; your ranks have been thinned again and again by wounds, sickness, and death. But your faith has never faltered, your courage has never failed, your hearts have never known defeat.

George the Fifth to his troops at the end of the Great War

## SHE SHALL STAND

ALL our past proclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand, Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land, Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

## Of All the Senseless Babble

I AM utterly incapable of conceiving the existence of matter if there is no mind in which to picture that existence.

Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of those philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God.

Professor Huxley

## THE MERRY HEART

I WOULD not from the wise require The lumber of their learned lore; Nor would I from the rich desire A single counter of their store; For I have ease and I have health, And I have spirits light as air, And more than wisdom, more than wealth, A merry heart that laughs at care. Like other mortals of my kind, I've struggled for Dame Fortune's favour; And sometimes have been half inclined To rate her for her ill behaviour; But life was short; I thought it folly To lose its moments in despair, So slipped aside from melancholy, With merry heart that laughed at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear, I make the good I may not find; Adown the stream I gently steer, And shift my sail with every wind; And half by nature, half by reason, Can still, with pliant heart prepare The mind, attuned to every season, The merry heart that laughs at care.

Henry Hart Milman

## A Fragment of the Rock of Ages

GIVE us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend; who will stand firm when others fail; the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous; in such an one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages—a sign that there has been a prophet amongst us.

Dean Stanley

## SAVIOUR AND KING

Oh, I would write a poem, Lord, A simple starlit thing, In which my heart would praise Thee, Lord, My Saviour and my King. Each line would be a thread of love, Each verse a new embrace, Each word a jewel quick to show The glory of Thy face, And I would read it every day In highway, lane, and square, And all who pass should stay to see Thy wonder written there.

Arthur J. Lewis



# CARRY ON

## A Sleep and an Awakening

I PASSED along a lonely beach last night, Amid the craggy heights and fading light, And heard the rumbling of the distant waves, Escaping in and out the rocky caves.

Along the way my thoughts were like the sea, Dashed up and down in endless mystery; They vainly sought to break life's mortal bond, And catch some glimpse of that which lies beyond.

At last I rested on the cliffs near by, And fell asleep beneath the darkening sky, And lo! I left my corpse and made a flight With some good friend across eternal night.

We passed along unending streets of space, Saw other worlds with many a clime and race; Vast worlds that stretched across infinity, The magic lamps that light eternity.

For countless years we sped as fast as light Among the systems of unending night. "Are we yet near the end?" I asked my friend, And he replied, "My friend, there is no end."

That moment's sleep has made me more reflective, I view this fleeting life in true perspective. I see but countless blessings every day, All foolish fears and cares have passed away. E. Oxburgh

## THE OLD BROWN SUIT

I WISH the good old times would come again (she said) when we were not quite so rich. A purchase is but a purchase now you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph.

Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten

o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating, you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man?

Charles Lamb

## IF

IF England's head and heart were one, Where is that good beneath the sun Her noble hands should leave undone? Sydney Dobell

## Blackbirds and Cherries

I VALUE my garden more for being full of blackbirds than of cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. Addison

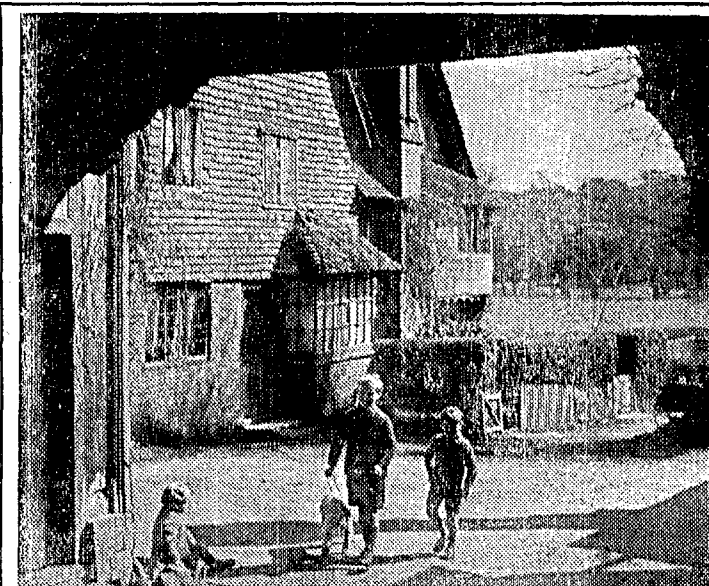
## The Young and the Old

ALL the old know what it is to be young and foolish, but none of the young knows what it is to be old and wise.

Neville Chamberlain

## COWPER'S CREED

My creed is, he is safe that does his best, And death's a doom sufficient for the rest. William Cowper



## Leicester Square

Not the famous London square, but a corner of the delightful Kent village of Penshurst which bears the same name



## The Famous Treasure Mounds of Woodbridge

EAST ANGLIA is often in the news, and antiquarians are hoping that no bomb will drop on the Saxon cemetery in Sutton Hoo Park near Woodbridge, where the great Treasure Ship was discovered in a burial mound two years ago, for there are other burial mounds awaiting excavation when Peace comes.

The group numbers eleven mounds, ranging from 50 to 100 feet across and so spaced as to suggest a family or dynastic burial-place. A few of them had already been opened before the great ship was found, and the objects then discovered are in the Ipswich Museum. These mounds are smaller than the ship mound, and may have been opened and rifled in past centuries, but enough was left behind to prove that the site is unique in England in illustrating a practice followed by the Anglo-Saxons and brought to its highest development by the Vikings in providing the illustrious dead with a well-equipped ship, weapons, clothing, and ornaments of gold and silver for his use in the unknown Western land to which he would sail in triumph.

### A Symbolical Boat

In the first mound opened were the decayed remains of a wooden object six feet long and two feet wide, resembling a big carrying tray used by butchers, with its edges slightly curved upwards. Laid due east and west, it was probably a symbolical boat for the dead man's last journey. By it lay the iron head of a battle-axe with part of its wooden handle still in position, and the bronze lid of what was probably an ornamental lamp.

But the most remarkable object from this mound was part of an oval stone on which was engraved a classical figure representing Victory, the wings, shoulders, and part of the head remaining. Of late Roman date, this stone was probably bought or looted from the Continent by the Anglo-Saxon sea-rovers. Of undoubted Saxon make were fragments of pottery and strips of engraved bone inlay, while at both the east and west ends of the symbolical boat were definite signs of human cremation.

### Imprint in the Sand

The second mound excavated was a circle 100 feet across, the grave itself having a depth of twelve feet. Spaced out regularly in the sand, the iron clench nails used to fasten together the planks of a ship were found by the excavators, but all the wood had disappeared. However, the positions of the nails and the darker colour of the sand revealed that here had been buried a vessel 20 feet long, with a pointed bow and a low stern with rounded angles.

Under the sand which originally filled this boat were a bronze disc heavily plated with gold and decorated with an intricate pattern which may have been part of a belt, shield, or harness, fragments of gilt bronze ornamented with animal forms, pieces of an iron knife and its sheath, a small gilt bronze button, a bronze ring of drop-handle type, and part of a beautiful bowl of deep-blue glass. There was evidence that this mound had been opened before, but these objects missed by the robbers prove that the man laid here in his boat was well endowed for his long voyage.

## ALL SUFFOLK IN ONE BOOK

### The New King's England Volume

One of the most fascinating books that has come into my hands in years is Arthur Mee's Suffolk, one of a series of books dealing with 10,000 towns and villages. The claim that "there have been many books on Suffolk but never one like this" is fully justified.

Suffolk people, whether resident in the county or scattered abroad, are assured of many delightful hours in the company of this volume, which, from Acton to Yoxford, tells the story of village and town in a highly delightful manner. It treats of 436 places and has 161 pictures which are a model of good photography and skilful reproduction.

With a wealth of detail to draw upon in every place visited, I am impressed by the author's clever condensation, which gives the impression not of so many things left out but of so much brought in. I heartily commend to our numerous readers this book, which should become one of the classics of our grand old county.

Suffolk and Essex Free Press

### Indispensable Companion of the County

Like all the books in the King's England series, this volume on Suffolk is remarkable for the amount of concise and detailed information it presents. Here are fascinating stories of kings and beggars, bishops and braves, ploughmen and painters. From so industriously jumbled a mosaic a composite picture of the county arises that has sufficient power to nullify small and obvious flaws; to one who has visited every town, village, and hamlet in the county we cannot but extend our gratitude.

Nor can we doubt that Mr Mee does possess the power of getting across what he has to say... and his knowledge of the county historically is vast and entertaining and greatly to be envied. It is unkind to suggest that this book "is the indispensable companion of the Motor Age." It is much more than that. It should be the indispensable companion of all who love the county with which it deals so fully.

The Times

### Lovely to Possess

The books in this series are lovely to possess; county by county, they provide a remarkable descriptive record of the historic treasure and delectable places of England. The Suffolk volume is a storehouse of county history and architectural treasure.

Boston Guardian

Its distinguishing feature is that, despite its scientific arrangement, it is deeply emotional in tone. Though to some tastes this may appear unfortunate, others will find that it gives the book character and idiosyncrasy.

Sunday Times

## Look & Listen Before You Cross the Road

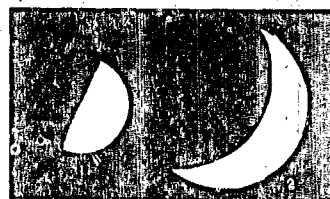
## NEXT WEEK'S TIDAL MENACE

### Moon Coming Exceptionally Near

THE crescent Moon and Mercury will appear not far apart in the early morning sky of Monday and Tuesday next, writes the C.N. Astronomer. If the sky is clear they should be easily found low in the south-east until about half an hour before sunrise, from about 7.30 to 8 o'clock being the best time to see Mercury.

On Monday morning Mercury will appear a little way to the left of the Moon and at a lower altitude, while by Tuesday morning the Moon will have moved to the left, her very slender crescent being much nearer the horizon. Thus a very good opportunity will be provided for spotting this elusive planet, which is not likely to be perceived for more than a few mornings.

On the following Wednesday, November 19, the Moon will become



The present appearance of Venus and, 2, Venus in six weeks' time, showing also the apparent increase in size

New, and will at the same time be at her nearest to us, or in *perigee*, as astronomers say. This is a very unusual coincidence, particularly as the Moon will be barely 217,000 miles away and exceptionally near—nearer, in fact, than she has been at any time this year. Incidentally, it may be noted that the nearest point of the Moon, the centre of her disc, is about 1000 miles nearer to us than the edge is; also that we in Britain are usually somewhere between 3000 and 4000 miles nearer to the Moon when she is due south than when she is either rising or setting. The precise amount varies according to the tilt of the Earth's axis relative to the Moon; this changes every day in the course of a lunar month.

Now, the fact that on Wednesday it will be New Moon at the same time that she will be exceptionally near will materially affect many of us, perhaps severely in some regions, because very powerful spring tides will occur in consequence soon

after. So should the weather be stormy serious trouble may be anticipated in low-lying areas.

It comes about thus. At New Moon she comes more or less between the Earth and the Sun (apparently passing a little way above the Sun on Wednesday next). The effect of this is that the gravitational pull of the Moon then comes from the same direction as the Sun's and is, so to speak, added to it. So their combined pull raises higher tides than when the Moon is in quadrature—that is, in First or Last Quarter—pulling at right-angles to the pull of the Sun and so producing *neap*, or less pronounced tides. Of course, when the Moon comes extra near her gravitational pull becomes greater, so that while normal spring tides are about twice the height above mean as compared with neap, those next week will be extra high, particularly toward the end of the week. The calculated proportion will be about 30 per cent greater on an average, as compared with what happens when the Moon is at *apogee*, or her farthest from the Earth.

### When to See Venus

By Saturday next the Moon will appear near to the radiant Venus, now low in the south-west sky in the evening. The slender lunar crescent appearing a little way to the left of the silvery planet will thus present a fine picture soon after sunset. From about 5.30 to 7 o'clock will be the best time to observe Venus, as she sets soon after. She is now about 65,500,000 miles away and is rapidly approaching. If observed at present through a telescope, Venus would appear as shown in the picture. This will gradually become a crescent as she comes nearer and more between us and the Sun, so that in about six weeks she will appear as shown in the second picture. Then Venus will be at her greatest brilliance and a splendid object much higher in the evening sky. G. F. M.

## The Two-to-Fives

THE two-to-fives must be feeling very important little people, and so they are.

No fewer than three Ministries are now considering their well-being, in view of the need for more women in industry. If Mother goes to work the little people must be well-cared-for in her absence, and there is a big drive to establish nurseries throughout the land. The Ministry of Health is concerned with the welfare of the children; the Ministry of Labour is interested in the problem of getting

more women into war factories, and caring for their young children in daytime; and the Board of Education wants to extend the benefits of education to these little people.

Mr R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education, was appealing in London the other day to local education authorities to make provision for training suitable people to run the nurseries.

Our motto must be, said Mr Butler, "The Two to Five in war shall thrive."

## You Have Been Warned

AN inquiry into the causes of accidents in industry by Dr Alexandra Adler of Harvard reveals the curious fact that nearly a quarter of the people prone to accidents are over-fearful. The doctor tells a true tale to illustrate the theory.

A number of soldiers were told off for a cross-country cavalry exercise. Half of them were warned that in the course of it they would come upon a very awkward ditch; the other half were not told. Of those who came to grief in the ditch, three-

quarters of their number were the soldiers who had been warned of it.

The anecdote reminds us of the old fable of the pestilence. Accused of having destroyed many people, the pestilence replied it had carried off fewer than half; fear had destroyed the others. Another kind of people prone to accidents are those who believe they are sure to be unlucky. Among European workers, twelve per cent of those prone to accident owe their accidents to alcohol.

## BEDTIME CORNER



### The Boy and the Swan

A SWAN and its family were enjoying a quiet doze one evening when a stone came whizzing over their heads and fell into the river. The boy who had thrown the stone picked up another and threw it carelessly, so that it struck one of the young ones, which fled in terror to its mother.

Up started the father swan, and, reaching over, he gave the laughing boy a sharp peck on his ear.

"Spiteful creature!" exclaimed the boy. "I was only having a game."

"When we take our pleasure at another's expense," replied the swan, "we must expect to pay the penalty."

### THINGS UNKNOWN

MANY things in life there are  
Past our understanding far;  
And the humblest flower that grows  
Hides a secret no one knows.

O LORD, forgive me my trespasses this day and make me kind and merciful to those about me, thankful to those who help me, grateful to all who work for me, whether they be in my home or in the village or the town. Be with all who toil through the long days that we may have food and clothes and lovely things, and a warm fire, and make me also willing to serve when my turn comes.



## The Riches of the Mighty Caucasus

THAT important area of Russia which lies between the Black Sea and the Caspian is now in the news as the Barbarians approach its northern boundary, the River Don.

The area is known as the Caucasus because it is dominated by the great range of mountains bearing that name, running for a length of 700 miles with a width of from 50 to 100. Mt Elbruz at 18,465 feet is its highest point and the highest mountain in Europe, and for most of its length this range averages 10,000 feet, with but few passes.

The mountain barrier divides Russia Proper from the other Soviet Republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan, which have long been famous for the rich oilwells at Baku and the pipe-line and oil-port at Batum on the Black Sea.

But in recent years other oil-fields have been developed north of the mountains, and this prolific source, unprotected by the mountains, is the chief goal of the German drive against the Crimea and Rostov, the city with half a million people at the outlet of the River Don into the Sea of Azov.

To Rostov comes a pipe-line from Maikop, 75 miles from the Black Sea, with an annual pro-

duction of six million tons of oil rich in benzine, and from Grozny, 75 miles from the Caspian Sea, with an annual production of over twelve million tons. Some of this oil is piped to Makhach Kala on the Caspian for conveyance by tanker to the Volga, while from Maikop a great branch conveys oil to the Black Sea port of Tuapse.



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Tuapse is less than 100 miles south of Novorossisk, a station of the Russian Fleet second in importance only to Sebastopol. Novorossisk is not far from Kerch Peninsula at the extreme east of the Crimea, and this may be the reason for the pressure of Germany into the Crimea, in an effort to attack the defenders of the pipe-lines from the rear.

### Oil and Wheat

The 150,000 square miles of the area north of the Caucasus Mountains are not only famous for the newly-developed oil, but from time immemorial they have been a farming country, today growing bountiful crops of wheat.

At the north-eastern corner is Astrakhan, a city with over a quarter of a million inhabitants near the many mouths of the River Volga. The fur it manufactures from the skins of young sheep has made this city a household name, but it is a great centre of trade, and is of exceptional importance now that munitions from the British and American factories are being

despatched by way of Persia. For Persia forms the southern coast of the Caspian, and it is by Astrakhan and the mighty Volga that ships will carry these essential materials into the very heart of the country and behind the fighting line.

A railway, finished only two or three years ago, connects the Persian Gulf and a port on the Caspian Sea, where the Russians have many ships. In the north-west of Persia is Tabriz, which is linked by railway with Erivan, the capital of Russian Armenia, and Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, and the biggest Russian city south of the Caucasus Mountains. Georgia

was the Colchis of the ancient Greeks, to which the Argonauts came seeking the Golden Fleece. Among its mountains Prometheus, the legendary hero who brought fire and civilisation to earth, was bound to a rock; a symbol of the daring and undying spirit of man, he may be said to stand today for suffering humanity.

### Virile Races

Georgia is rich in coal, and in manganese ore, the deposits of which are estimated at 250 million tons; it is inhabited by very virile races and would be very difficult for the Nazis to subdue.

To the east of Georgia lies Azerbaijan, with nearly a million people living at Baku, the biggest oil-producing centre in Russian territory, and electrified.

With the smaller but highly industrialised Soviet Republic of Armenia to their south, Georgia and Azerbaijan form a strong bulwark to any advance of the Nazis to the south, and, coming up through Persia, British forces could there defend the Middle East and its route to India.

The Tsars of Russia had the utmost difficulty in adding this difficult region to their empire a century ago, and Hitler would find the task no easier now. But it is the oil that he so urgently requires, and, whatever may happen in the north, his armies will continue their drive against this vital part of Mighty Russia.

## Metal From Sea Water

What sounded like a fairy tale a short time ago has now come true.

Magnesium is now being recovered from the sea at the rate of 30 million pounds a year, and next year, according to the report of the company extracting it, the amount will have risen to 90 million pounds. There will never be a shortage of magnesium, for a cubic mile of sea water contains 90 million tons of the metal, enough to last a century. Magnesium, the lightest of the metals, is only two-thirds as heavy as aluminium, and is aluminium's right-hand man, because it is a most valuable partner in aluminium alloys, especially those used in planes. Its own alloys are not so trustworthy or tough, but are now very useful for small parts, and their use is extending.

## New Zealand's Boldest Heroes

The story of the heroism of the Maoris in Crete, told rather late, has been thrilling the world.

It happened that the Maoris and another New Zealand battalion formed a thin line stretching some miles from the sea to the crest of the hills. Nazi dive bombers kept them under cover by day, but when darkness fell they fixed bayonets, put on their full war paint, and went into battle yelling their traditional war-cry, the haka. The dense lines of German machine gunners were frozen with horror. The sound was blood-curdling, and they turned tail and ran.

On another occasion Maoris frightened the life out of the Germans with their bayonet charges, and by their magnificent fighting held the Germans back, allowing the Army to retreat across Crete, which it could never have done had it not been for the gallant Maoris.

## THE JAM POT

The women's institutes of Northamptonshire have taken a good part in Lord Woolton's co-operative jam-making scheme, for they have made 10,000 lbs of jam, and sold every pot of it. In Cumberland jam-making seemed as if it would be a failure, for both blackcurrants and raspberries were very poor crops, so the indefatigable members of the institutes climbed over walls and slipped into ditches, gathering the wild fruits of the hedgerows. They sold 50,000 lbs of jam and jellies to the shops.

The green tomato, also, has come into its own. Once no one ever thought of it save as an ingredient of chutney and sauce; but this year many a mother, disappointed of strawberries or plums, has made lovely jam for her family from the comparatively plentiful green tomato.

## A Gallant Scot

The George Medal has been awarded to Fireman John C. Cunningham of the London Fire Brigade, a former member of the 8th Leith Company of the Boys Brigade, for saving the life of a man who was pinned down by fallen debris in a partially demolished building during an air raid. He protected the man from the surrounding fire until, after an hour of extremely difficult and dangerous work, he succeeded in releasing him.

## THE THEATRE WING

### One Thing America is Doing

VERY stirring is a visit to the American Theatre Wing, one of the vital organisations of the British War Relief Society in New York.

When you enter their spacious headquarters on Fifth Avenue you find yourself among a large group of women, so busy, cutting, tailoring for their little friends, the children of Great Britain. Inspiring posters cover the walls of the rooms, pictures of tragedies, quotations from famous men, appeals for assistance, but the workers need no incentive to maintain their enthusiasm. Have they not children of their own? Can't they imagine the needs of little ones and the distress of mothers over on the other side? So on they go, as if saying to themselves, "Every stitch we sew means more help towards winning the war." According to the last report 1700 boxes of clothing have already been sent to England through the Wing. But let us listen to Rachel Crothers, the President of the Group:

"Twenty-three years ago," says Miss Crothers, "when America went into the World War, six women met in New York City to consider what the Theatre could do to help win it. The result of this discussion was that a huge workroom was opened, and in poured actresses, playwrights, chorus girls, ushers, designers, cleaning women, wardrobe women, women of all sorts and kinds and ages connected with the Theatre. They came and they never stopped coming until they made theirs one of the great War Relief organisations of the world.

"We called it the Stage Women's War Relief," explains Miss Crothers, "but the men of the Theatre worked with us. When the war was over all these workers were called together to hear an account of what they had done. The work was finished. This record was printed in a small book, and I put it away, thinking sometime someone might like to read how the Theatre had done its bit during the war which was to end all war!

### The Old Record

"But a year ago I had cause to reopen and read the little book again. I opened it because for the last twenty years the conquered enemy has not stopped preparing for revenge, and because the civilised world, with incomprehensible and unforgivable neglect, has let this happen. Again there is war, and with the same old enemy, stronger and more inhuman. As I looked at those old pages I saw amazing facts and figures, things I had entirely forgotten. I saw that we had taken care of the

families of all the men in the Theatre who were fighting; that we had given a good bed and breakfast for 25 cents to 17,000 men in uniform as they passed through New York; that every Sunday night one or more New York theatres were open, giving current plays free to an audience of soldiers; and so on.

"No plea was made to the public for money. What we raised was done almost entirely by and in the Theatre, and the sum was just a little less than 7,000,000 dollars.

### A Thousand Workers

"Last January," continues Miss Crothers, "23 years later, again six women met to decide whether the Theatre would do War Relief work. Some were the same women who had decided before, some of a younger generation. Again we said, 'Yes, we can and will,' and again a workroom was opened. A thousand women are now enrolled; this time we call our organisation the American Theatre Wing.

"We have made no appeal to the public for money, but big generous contributions of many things are continually sent in. Hotels are giving amazing amounts of blankets, bed linen, and towels; shops, ready-made clothes; factories, woollens and cotton and gauze. And now we are helping in the immediate great job America is facing, taking care of the children. We are determined to raise the power of the Theatre to its full strength in helping to save England, and thereby to save America. England is the boy with his hand at the leak in the dyke, holding back the flood from us."

## The Ice-Pack Patrol

ONE of the strangest wartime jobs of the R.A.F. is probably that of the Ice-Pack Patrol.

It is carried out by long-range Lockheed Hudsons of Coastal Command operating from Iceland. The machines fly far into the Arctic on reconnaissance, seeking out enemy shipping or U-boats. They also bring back valuable meteorological news.

For long after the start of their journey the crews see no ice at all, just the grey Atlantic stretching as far as eye can see. Then comes the ice, perhaps a towering iceberg or two, round the pinnacles of which the airmen fly for the sheer pleasure of their grandeur. Later comes the pack ice, and then the solid ice.

The crews are kept beautifully warm in their flying kit, and they

gaze down on the Arctic scene through the cabin windows, thinking, no doubt, of the Arctic explorers who risked their lives month after month to go forward a few miles in as many days or, perhaps, even weeks.

Seldom is any sign of life seen. Once a rear gunner reported a splash beside an iceberg which the crew thought may have been a bear. Another crew, skimming over the glacial shores of Greenland, saw a small herd of musk oxen scampering through a valley.

But the romantic thing is that within a few hours of gazing on these scenes the crews can be back in Iceland, where, as they say, it is like coming into the tropics. "On the Ice-Pack Patrol," one pilot said, "you would hardly know there is a war on."



**SUFFERERS**

**VISITOR:** So the people at Number 13 are musical? What do they play on?

**Number 15:** The nerves of their neighbours, mostly.

**T Time**

**THERE** was a young man of Dund  
Who had shrimps every evening  
for T;  
He said: "They are prime,  
And it's very near time  
That I caught a few more from  
the C."

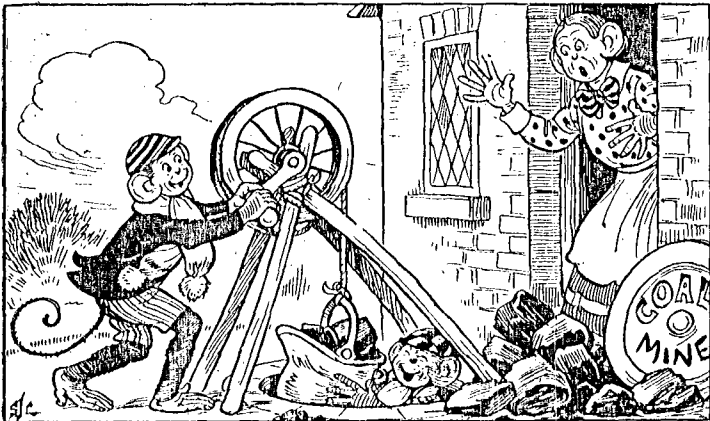
**FRIEND OR FOE?**

**Pied Wagtail**

**THIS** common but handsome little bird is typical of all the wagtail family, a valuable ally to the farmer and gardener. The whole of its food consists of insects and their grubs, small beetles, butterfly caterpillars, and the swarming winged life at the margins of ponds and streams. A pair of wagtails must consume enormous quantities of injurious insects in a single season, especially in the nesting season, when rearing a double brood of hungry young.

**Do You Live in Carmarthenshire?**

**CARMARTHENSIRE** is the shire, or district, of Carmarthen, the modern spelling of the old Roman Maridunum, meaning the fort or dun by the sea. The name was shortened to Marthen, and Caer, a fortress or city, was prefixed.

**Jacko Finds a New Game**

**JACKO** and Chimp were playing at mining. They had rigged up a winder over the coalhole, and were hauling up lumps of coal in a bucket. They were enjoying themselves finely—till their shouts brought Mother Jacko out. She was horrified when she saw the mess the young rascals had made.

**WAR WINS WHERE PEACE FAILS****Jarrow is Herself Again**

**Boy.** I had forgotten all about Jarrow and her troubles when I saw in a newspaper that "Jarrow is its sturdy, spirited self again."

**Man.** We are so flooded with news that it is little wonder if we forget things that recently troubled us. We do well to remind ourselves of the distressing Jarrow of yesterday, when we asked ourselves what we were to do about it and found no answer; when that famous town, with its shipbuilding yards, engine works, iron-foundries, and collieries remained deficit, half-starved, and reduced to despair. War, that has already slain millions, has put Jarrow into work again; she finds herself needed—to produce war material.

**Boy.** What a contrast! Peace could offer her nothing; War puts no limit upon what she is asked to do! And what will happen when peace comes again?

**Man.** You put a question which everyone should ask. What, indeed, will become of Jarrow when, sooner or later, peace arrives?

She is now upheld by urgent need and the Will to Victory.

**Boy.** Was there trouble about work after the last war which ended in the defeat of Germany?

**Man.** Yes, in the ensuing years, all the places that mainly depended, like Jarrow, on coal and ships were specially afflicted with dire poverty and unemployment, and all parts of the nation suffered. Worse still, the economy of the entire world was broken, and victors and vanquished alike came to grief.

There was a false boom after the war, which ended in confusion; then came a slight recovery, but in 1929, eleven years after the war ended, a terrible economic storm swept the world, spreading ruin everywhere. Millionaire fortunes vanished, while poor men, as at Jarrow, became human wrecks. In rich America, at one time, there were many millions living on State doles. There was slow recovery from this world disaster, and ten years later, when the present war began,

the world had not yet recovered from the last war.

**Boy.** Then how are we to avoid such disasters when this war ends? Must Jarrow, as a mere bit of a wide world in trouble, suffer again, with all the world's peoples?

**Man.** I cannot answer you clearly, for we do not know when the war will end, or how much more destruction will be done before it ends. No man can speak with assurance of what lies before us. But I can tell you what we should endeavour to do, whatever the conditions we have to face.

What is it that upholds the nation in its great struggle? It is will-power, exerted in a cause believed in. In that cause our people sink their personal differences and join to help each other and those who fight with them.

After the last war that spirit of cooperation dwindled and failed. Those who had lately worked together ceased to do so. No con-

**FLOWER ANAGRAMS**

**MAKE** the name of a flower as an anagram from each of these phrases:

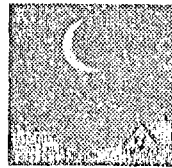
1. Thy china;
2. One name;
3. Love it;
4. In a grade;
5. A wee pest;
6. List came;
7. Get me no tin;
8. One lucky she.

Answer next week

**Other Worlds Next Week**

**IN** the evening the planet Venus is in the south-west; Mars is in the south; and Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Mercury is low in the east.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, November 16.

**For Posterity**

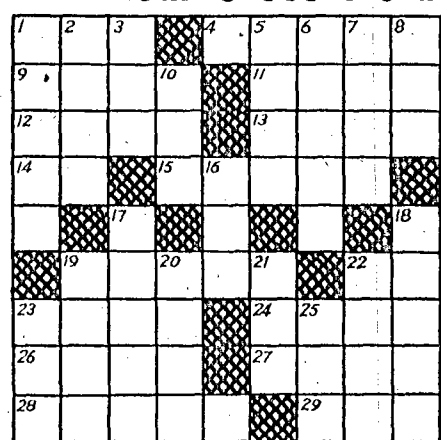
**INSIDE** the pedestal upon which stands Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment are a number of jars containing a set of British coins, a railway guide, a map of London, some children's toys, and copies of newspapers. These were put there to help people of future years to understand something of the way people of the time lived.

**NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR NOVEMBER**

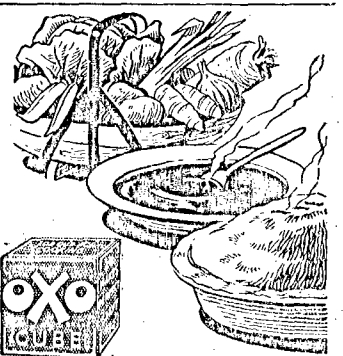
**GREEN** whistling plover appears  
Greenfinches flock  
Hepatica flowers  
Frogs and toads hibernate  
Robins and wrens in song  
Hedgehogs begin to hide

**Reading Across.** 1 Away.  
4 Roman goddess of grain.  
9 Be sparing with this in the grate. 11 A small rodent. 12 This creature is said to be mad in March. 13 On the right when looking North. 14 Royal Marines. 15 Strained to stiffness. 19 Unclouded. 22 Bachelor of Arts. 23 A plant yielding a blue dye. 24 Elliptical. 26 One of the Great Lakes. 27 To take dinner. 28 Sea-swallows which fly almost from Pole to Pole. 29 French for is.

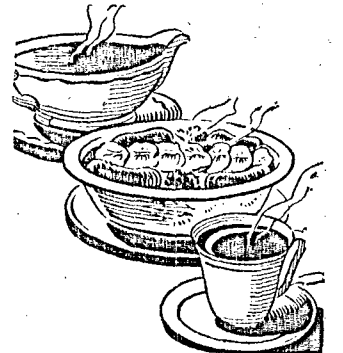
**Reading Down.** 1 A pale brownish yellow colour. 2 A kind of froth. 3 Distant. 5 Not odd. 6 To cook by exposure to open fire. 7 Instead. 8 A complete collection. 10 Grant use of a house for rent. 16 Historical period. 17 Selective instinct for what is excellent. 18 A manservant. 19 Central part of an apple. 20 The first garden. 21 A stick. 22 Forbids. 23 Saturated. 25 Strive for superiority.

**Half-Hour Cross Word**

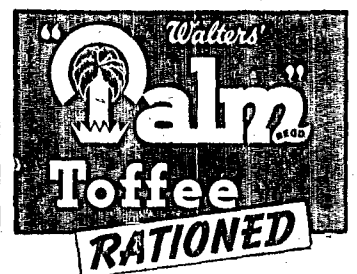
Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week



**THE CENTRE OF GOOD FAMILY COOKING**  
OXO makes your meals more tasty and promotes healthy appetites. It gives that finishing touch to wartime dishes.



**OXO**  
OXO MAKES IT BEEFY



**In QUANTITY but not QUALITY**  
DELIGHTS STRENGTHENS SUSTAINS

LEARN TO THROW YOUR VOICE

fits into the mouth out of sight. Imitates birds, animals, etc. Booklet of instructions how to become a Ventriloquist and Throw your Voice. All for 6d.

**MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!**  
"The Millionaire's Outfit."

A packet containing about two dozen Stage Money, and six of the funniest sayings. Visiting Cards you ever read. When you present your "VISITING CARD" your friends will roar with laughter. Ask for No. 42. Price 5d.

**Woolworths Stores**

